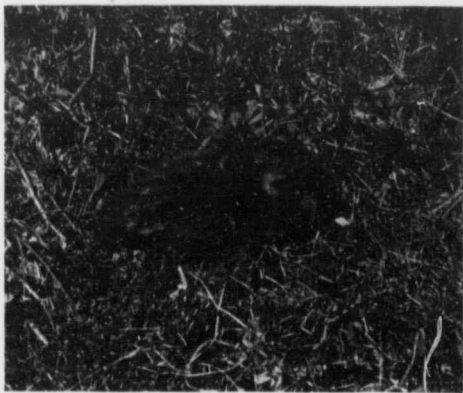


AMONG THE WATER FOWL

awed spirits watching Nature in her passion. By noon the wind had reached hurricane force. Flocks of fowl were fairly hurled in over the rocks, many of them to be shot down by the "station" men, and others, who stood ready. I made no effort to estimate the number of that day's flight. Thousands upon thousands there were, and of all kinds. The surf thundered in upon the rocks, and clouds of spray flew up over the top of the bluff. It was a wild, an awful night. Wakeful we lay in our beds that rocked as the avalanches of atmosphere were hurled upon the frail, trembling cottage.

In the morning when I opened the door and stepped out, a blast struck me that made me gasp for breath and cling to the railing. Blinded with the stinging sleet, I could not see whether fowl were flying or not. A neighboring barn had disappeared, lying in fragments on the rocks around the Point. Everything was white with snow. Winter had come upon land, ocean, and wild-fowl.



YOUNG DUSKY DUCK, MAGDALEN ISLANDS